THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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The STORY *of the* COUNT SAINT JULIEN.

THE Count de Saint Julien was deſcended from a very ancient family; and was only at the age of twenty, when the death of his father made him maſter of a conſiderable ſum of money, and of an eſtate in Dauphine, which might have ſupported him in the ſame affluent manner his anceſtors had lived in, had not an unbounded love of pleaſure taken an early poſſeſſion of his heart. Dauphine became ſoon too confined a ſphere for him to move in; the diſſipations of Paris better ſuited the gaiety of his temper, where his figure, his expence, and his lively parts, quickly introduced him into the politeſt aſſemblies. He was brilliant in all places of public reſort, oſtentatious in his gallantries, and was admitted to many of the petits ſoupes of the eſprits forts; which are coteries, compoſed of wits and free-thinkers, who have too much vanity to agree in the received notions of mankind, but by their art and the pleaſantry of their ridicule, often operate too powerfully on weak minds, by undermining the good principles they may have imbibed, and ſubſtituting their own pernicious ones in their place.

Saint Julien had ſoon after his arrival at Paris, taken an Italian figure-dancer of the opera into keeping, who bore him one ſon, whom he named Frederic; a youth of fine parts, formed by nature with great ſenſibility, and with a mind ſo happily diſpoſed, as might have rendered him a worthy and ſhining character, had not all theſe advantages been overſhadowed by a falſe education, and their movements corrupted by the bad example of a father, who having, in a long courſe of diſſipated connections, loſt his own morals, gave himſelf little concern about thoſe of his ſon, conceiving that the exterior accompliſhments of a gentleman, comprehended every thing that was moſt

material to carry him ſucceſsfully through the world. The infidelity of Saint Julien's miſtreſs in a few years totally diſſolved the attachment; and Frederic, by the time he attained the age of nineteen, became a companion to his father in all his vices, and likewiſe encouraged as ſuch as he had a propenſity to himſelf, the dignity of a parent being as much forgotten by the one, as the reſpect of a ſon was by the other.

Pleaſure and extravagance gradually waſte the ampleſt fortune. The count's had, during the twenty-four years he had quitted Dauphine, been annually decreaſing; nor could it, by the courſe of his expences, have laſted ſo long, but for his abhorrence of every kind of play, and had not ſome beneficial bequeſts, from deceaſed relations, retarded its diſſolution. He conſtantly expended far more than his income, and his eſtate had dwindled away by ſales of an hundred acres at a time, till neceſſity compelled him to abridge many of his expences. The contract for the old family manſion, with all the remaining land about it, was juſt compleated, and the four thouſand louis d'ors, which the purchaſe amounted to, paid into his banker's hands, when the following event gave a new turn to his life and fortunes.

Among les filles entretenues, there was at that time at Paris the Clairville, who then lived under the protection of one of the farmers-general, whom I ſhall ſpeak of by the name of D'Avignon. She was a woman of much beauty, and great intrigue; but by her addreſs conſtantly flattered his vanity and weakneſs, and by the ſucceſs of her art, kept her gallantries concealed from him. Saint Julien had made repeated overtures to this lady, and had been treated by her with a diſdain his pride could not brook; ſhe had however beſtowed a more favourable look on his ſon, whom ſhe had met in the Thuilleries, and frequently had converſed with; and whoſe youth and elegant figure had made a ſenſible impreſſion on her heart. For there was ſtill an amiableneſs of character about him, nor could his aſſumed air of licentiouſneſs diſguiſe a certain ingenuouſneſs of mind, which muſt continue to pleaſe as long as nature hath a charm.

It chanced that Frederic, coming one evening out of the French comedy, found the Clairville in one of the paſſages of the theatre, waiting for her coach, which by ſome accident among the carriages was prevented from drawing up. With his uſual addreſs, he offered to ſee her ſafe out; and the reſult of half an hour's attendance and aſſiduity, was an appointment with him to meet her at the maſquerade, which was to be a few nights after, where ſhe gave him to underſtand ſhe ſhould be found only with a female friend; intimating at the ſame time that D'Avignon had buſineſs which would call him ſome leagues from

from Paris, and notifying the dreſs by which he might diſcover her.

Frederic, who had been conſtantly tutored by his father that gallantry was the firſt accompliſhment of a gentleman, never ſcrupled to communicate to him the progreſs he had made in any he was engaged in; he therefore, with his accuſtomed familiarity, informed him of the aſſignation he had made with the Clairville.

Saint Julien concealed the ſurpriſe he felt at this intelligence; the contempt which had been ſhewn him by that lady recurred with freſh poignancy from the mortification his high ſpirit ſuffered by the preference given to Frederic; he however ſo ſufficiently poſſeſſed himſelf as not to appear in the leaſt diſcompoſed, but adviſed him by all means to purſue the affair.

When a father is ſo unprincipled as to become a rival to his ſon, in a matter of this nature, it argues a mind ſo totally depraved as to require but little apology to be made for the deſpicable meanneſs of the count in ſeizing this occaſion to revenge himſelf of a woman, and by expoſing her infidelity to D'Avignon, ruin her power; not in the blindneſs of his paſſion foreſeeing the ill conſequence that might happen to his ſon in this buſineſs.

The farmer-general receiving an anonymous letter which hinted to him, "that the next maſquerade might diſcover, if he poſſeſſed the affections of his miſtreſs ſo fully as he imagined," doubted for ſome time whether he ſhould pay any attention to its writer; but jealouſy is a paſſion eaſily awakened in men of debauched characters, and more predominant in advanced years. He reſolved on his intended journey, but took care to get back to Paris time enough to be preſent at the maſquerade. As he was ignorant of the Clairville's dreſs, he might in ſo large an aſſembly have probably returned without finding her, had he not, after more than two hours of anxious ſearch, at laſt diſcovered her by means of ſome jewels in her hair, which he had preſented her with himſelf. He ſaw her whole attention given to the gentleman who was with her, obſerved ſhe converſed with no other, and had now little reaſon to ſcruple the intelligence he had received. He watched them with earneſtneſs and rage the whole night, till they quitted the ball; nor loſt ſight of her till he ſaw her enter with her gallant the houſe he kept for her. The ſervants obſerving a maſk follow almoſt immediately their miſtreſs and her friend, concluded it to be one of the party; but the inſtant that D'Avignon had reached the garden apartment, which was his uſual ſupper room, and whither ſhe had conducted her lover, he threw them both into the utmoſt conſternation, by diſcovering himſelf to them; with ungovernable paſſion reproached the lady for her inconſtancy; and drawing a ſword, which he had concealed under his

dreſs, ran with fury upon her paramour. Frederic throwing off his domino, haſtily ſeized one of D'Avignon's own ſwords, which hung with a hat and belt, in the room where they were; and thus armed, uſed every endeavour to appeaſe his antagoniſt by words; but the other, preſſing on him with a vehemence which would liſten to no palliation, the unſucceſsful youth found himſelf compelled to defend his own life, and in the rencounter mortally wounded the farmer-general. Clairville fell into a ſwoon, and Frederic fled inſtantly out of the houſe, with that precipitance and perturbation which muſt ever be natural to ſo unhappy a ſituation.

This unfortunate event happening early in the morning, D'Avignon did not ſurvive many hours. Though Saint Julien enjoyed in idea, the ſecret triumph which this ſtratagem gave him over a woman, whoſe conduct towards him had provoked ſo unmanly a reſentment, yet he apprehended from its ſucceſs no other reſult than her diſgrace; never conceiving that from ſuch a connection as D'Avignon had with her, any point of honour would have ſtimulated him to oppoſe the arm of age to the vigour of youth. He felt himſelf, however, when the time arrived by no means in an eaſy ſituation; it was a painful ſuſpence between hope and fear; he was alarmed for the difficulties in which he might poſſibly have involved his ſon; and feared alſo that the great influence of the farmer-general, when he ſhould know who had ſupplanted him in the affections of his miſtreſs, might be highly prejudicial to the future intereſts of Frederic. He paſſed the night in much diſquiet; nor dared the next morning to make any inquiry, leſt he might awaken ſuſpicion; but in the utmoſt anxiety waited at home the arrival of his ſon, wholly ignorant of the ſcene that had been acted till the following letter, delivered about noon to his ſervant, by an unknown perſon, opened to him the fatal cataſtrophe.

" My rendezvous with the Clairville, to which you ſo ſtrongly prompted me, hath been attended with the moſt dreadful conſequences; we were ſurpriſed immediately on our return from the maſquerade by D'Avignon, who flew at me with the madneſs of an aſſaſſin. It was in vain that I attempted every thing in my power to appeaſe his paſſion; I was at laſt neceſſitated to oppoſe violence to violence, and in defending my own life, I have but too much cauſe to apprehend, that I have deprived him of his.

" In the hours of horror which I paſſed ſince, I have been awakened, as from a dream, to a juſt ſenſe of myſelf. I view with deſpair my youth plunged ſo early into vice, and ſtained with another's blood!

" Terrible as my reflections are, they turn with indignation on a parent, who, inſtead of guiding my ſteps to virtue, hath trained them in the paths of profligacy; and by his own wretched example deceived his ſon into ruin.

" By

" By the time that this reaches you I ſhall be many leagues from Paris. To fly from myſelf is impoſſible; but I will haſten to ſome diſtant part of the world, where the fatal errors of my life may be unknown, and ſtrive with repentant tears to amend a corrupted heart.

" Unconnected, forlorn, and friendleſs, my neceſſities have compelled me in the moment of departure to deceive your banker into the payment of half the money lodged in his hands. I can hardly regard this action as criminal, when I conſider this little ſum as the all I can ſhare of a noble patrimony, ſquandered away in extravagance, and which, had honour governed your life, I might have inherited. With this I muſt puſh my future deſtiny; what it may be is unknown, and will ever remain ſo to you; as this will probably be the laſt you will hear of your

" Loſt, and unhappy
" FREDERIC."

(To be continued.)

The Opinion of Foreigners reſpecting our moſt prominent Political Characters.

[Taken from a private Letter written at Vienna.]

YOU aſk me what opinion foreigners have of our preſent Miniſters, of thoſe who oppoſe them, and thoſe who aſſiſt them; having paſſed theſe laſt ten years in Germany, Ruſſia, Italy, and France, I am better able to tell you what foreigners think of us, than to tell foreigners what we think of ourſelves. You know I belong to no party, to no faction; that I am neither in the pay of Miniſters, nor in the ſecrets of their antagoniſts. I ſhall therefore write with impartiality, as well without prejudice as without pretenſion; and thoſe of our countrymen, who, like myſelf, have been abroad and intimate with the courtier, the ſtateſman, and the philoſopher, will, I am certain, confirm this opinion, not as my own, but as what they with myſelf have heard it to be, that of foreigners of birth, diſtinction, and eminence; ſhould it differ from your's in England, remember, if foreigners have not the ſame means as we to judge of our great characters, yet they have the advantage of judging of them without intereſt and without paſſion.

Foreigners ſay the late adminiſtration had to contend with the democrats and with the anarchiſts, but that the preſent miniſters have, beſides theſe, an ariſtocratical oppoſition more dangerous and more difficult in a country, where an exceſs of riches as often produces an exceſs of ambition as an exceſs of luxury; to thoſe they add a third party, which they call the armed

armed neutrality, under whoſe colours the ariſtocrats wiſh to enliſt, and the democrats accuſe miniſters of being enliſted; and as the late continental neutrality cauſed us more trouble than profit, ſo they believe our miniſters are more loſers than gainers by their connections with our neutrals.

It does honour, they ſay, to Great Britain, to produce at the ſame time ſo many men of abilities and eminence, for nobody can deny that each party poſſeſſes men of great and tried talents; but if this be acknowledged, juſtice is done to miniſters, who have to contend, and who have hitherto victoriouſly contended, with ſo many great orators and able politicians: and that in England, where the freedom of debate is nearly carried to an extreme, and where the liberty of the preſs oftener expoſes the faults of miniſters than praiſes their virtues, it is impoſſible for ignorance to be concealed, and weakneſs or incapacity to hold the helm of the government; and if modeſty is ſeldom met with in individuals, how much the more praiſeworthy is it when found in ſtateſmen, who for upwards of two years, at the moſt dangerous period and in the moſt critical circumſtances, have not only prevented the ruin of their country, but preſerved, if not augmented its reſources and its liberty, and that at a time they had to encounter the numerous intrigues of our foes and rivals abroad, as well as the plots of the factious and the conſpiracies of the treacherous at home.

Mr. Addington is univerſally eſteemed in all countries for his juſtice and moderation, but in the opinion of many, he is rather too condeſcending, and too good for the preſent depraved and immoral age.

Lord Hawkeſbury, in his travels upon the continent, did not, as many others of his rank, ſpend his money like a fool, and his time like an idiot; he was liberal; and for inſtruction he refuſed nothing, but to vice or idleneſs every thing; he therefore improved that diplomatical education, he had under a ſagacious father begun.

The Earl of St. Vincent is more known upon the continent from his victories, than from his political talents; he is believed to be a greater admiral than ſtateſman; but indeed abroad, few are competent judges of his real merit, becauſe, except in France, the military man is ſeldom a politician, and the politician ſeldom a military man. Had General Melas, after the battle of Marengo, poſſeſſed the political talent of the noble earl, Piedmont would have yet belonged to its former ſovereign, and Italy been free.

The royal commander of our armies has full juſtice done to his military talents, and to his indefatigable zeal in the difficult taſk of organizing and diſciplining an army of freemen; the Auſtrian general, Prince de Lichtenſtein, obſerved to me, that our Duke of York, as their Archduke Charles, has never been

favoured by fortune in any ſucceſs he did not deſerve, but often with defeats, when he deſerved ſucceſs; as the Auſtrian prince, his victories he owed to his military talents, and perſonal courage; and his defeats to misfortunes which he could not foreſee, and if foreſeen, he could not prevent.

Mr. Pitt, in the opinion of all continental ſtateſmen, is the greateſt financier, and the greateſt miniſter for the interior or home politics, that England ever produced; they do not allow him the ſame talents for the exterior politics; but they all acknowledge that his firmneſs and abilities have ſaved Europe from the revolutionary anarchy of Robeſpierre and the directory, and from the conſular tyranny of Bonaparte. This contradiction puzzled me much, until I heard from the Pruſſian miniſter, Count de Schulenbourg, that both Mirabeau and the late Count Bernsdorff had ſaid ſo; upon the continent they truſt much to the opinion of great men, even when proved erroneous by ſubſequent facts.

The Marquis Cornwallis is admired abroad as a general, and eſteemed as a ſtateſman; and many believe his campaign at Amiens as difficult as his campaign in India; becauſe the dangers of the field are to an able, brave, and bold ſoldier, in compariſon, nothing to the neceſſity of ſo often deſcending to thwart the intrigues of low cunning, the plots of audacious ſubtility, and the pretenſions of powerful impudence.

Lord Grenville has ſo much the more ſurpriſed the politicians every where by his extenſive political knowledge, as they had formed an opinion, that when he was nominated his majeſty's miniſter for the foreign department, he was neither a politician nor a ſtateſman; they now acknowledge that few of his predeceſſors were his equals, and none his ſuperiors, conſidering the unuſually troubleſome time of his miniſtry; but they blame him, in common with many others of our diplomatic characters and agents, in not adding the condeſcenſion of amiableneſs to the dignity of merit; and indeed our natural rival, the French, ſucceed oftener by their condeſcending and inſinuating manners, than by their political capacity.

Earl Spencer has forced both the military and the ſtateſmen abroad to confeſs his great merit, before they had time to doubt his fitneſs for that high ſtation which he, in 1801, reſigned; they annex now his name to thoſe great names of St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelſon, Sidney Smith, &c. &c. who ſo bravely executed what the noble earl ſo judiciouſly planned.

Mr. Windham was known abroad as an orator and as a patriot before he became a miniſter, and is reſpected by all loyal men as one of the few Engliſh ſenators, who with the great and ever regretted Mr. Burke, appreciated the real dangers of the French revolution from its beginning.

None

None of his majeſty's miniſters have been more generous towards the French emigrants, and none has been more calumniated by them. In 1801, at a dinner with the prefect of Nice, I heard ſeveral emigrants accuſe him of having planned the expedition of Quiberon only for the deſtruction of the officers in the French navy; before I had time to anſwer this national calumny, the republican general, Guidal, ſaid, "I was the ſecond in command under Hoche at Quiberon, and I certify it was the treaſon of the emigrants, or men in the emigrant regiments, that cauſed their ruin; the expedition was planned with ability, and had it been executed with the ſame, we ſhould not have been ſurprized by a defeat, when we merited and expected a victory."

Dr. Laurence, as Mr. Windham, is eſteemed abroad, a true royaliſt, as the friend of the great Burke, and as the defender of the honour and of the conſtitution of his country, if either attacked by modern whigs or jacobins, by modern philoſophers, or faſhionable atheiſts; to poſſeſs the honourable friendſhip and confidence of an Edmund Burke, is a certain and infallible recommendation to the notice and admiration of loyal men of all countries; the friend, they ſay, of good, great, and virtuous men, muſt be himſelf good, great, and virtuous.

The Earl of Moira is not ſo much known abroad as his great talents deſerve; and many foreign ſtateſmen are either miſinformed, or have wrongly conceived his political principles, becauſe I have heard ſome accuſe him of being an ariſtocrat, and others looked upon him as a democrat; when his lordſhip is, what every Engliſhman knows, a true patriot and a generous philanthropiſt.

Except in the ſhort campaign in Flanders, 1794, his lordſhip has not had an opportunity to make himſelf known as a military commander; but General Moreau ſaid, in the preſence of a perſon who once had the honour of being his lordſhip's aid-de-camp, that as he, in 1794, entered the country which his lordſhip evacuated, he judged from the able diſpoſitions, and the able retreat made by his lordſhip, that England muſt abound with great generals, when ſuch great talents were unemployed. Nobody can deny that the praiſe of Moreau is that of a competent judge, who never yet beſtowed it, either upon the great or powerful, if not merited.

Mr. Fox is called abroad, the famous Fox, the amiable Fox, and the inconceivable Fox; famous as an orator, amiable as an individual, and inconceivable as a politician; he is known every where, and, where known, his talents are eſteemed, his ſociety is liked, and his politics are blamed: he is one of the few of our countrymen who has the happineſs to pleaſe as much the beauties of Germany as thoſe of Italy and France; and as politics go for nothing in their liking, it can only be aſcribed to the polite manners of the well-bred gentleman.

Mr. Sheridan has numerous admirers upon the continent, both as an author and as a ſenator, either when he exhibits himſelf upon the political or upon the dramatic ſtage; his truly patriotic conduct in 1797, during the mutiny of our fleet, and his late acute but pertinent obſervations on a great man, the implacable enemy of his country, receive univerſal applauſe and approbation. I heard Prince Repnin ſay, at Dreſden, in 1798, "It is a pity that Mr. Sheridan is too liberal with his wit, and too ſparing with his argument; he ſhould be more often a patriot, and leſs often a partiſan." Abroad, many men are of the ſame opinion.

Mr. Grey is eſteemed abroad as an orator—and if he has not lately ſo often favoured the amateurs with his eloquence, they do not conclude that his talents are leſſened, but that he is only longer reconnoitring the ground, and therefore makes his attacks with more vigour and greater ſucceſs. As to his political principles, they are more liked by the democrats and jacobins, than by the royaliſts and ariſtocrats.

Mr. Tierney's politics, as Mr. Grey's, are more approved of abroad by the democratical, than by the ariſtocratical party; he is judged to be a better financier than orator—and if he ſometimes, in the eyes of foreigners, has undervalued the reſources of Great Britain, they all agree, that his motives were pure, and dictated by perſuaſion, and not by paſſion. As Mr. Tierney has talents of his own to make him celebrated, he did not want (like the Greek who fired Diana's temple to gain celebrity) to proclaim himſelf to the world, the perſonal enemy of the greateſt man of all great men in this age; for this I have heard him blamed in more than one country.

Many other noblemen and gentlemen, who, both from their rank and talents, deſerve to be more known abroad, have not been long enough in office to excite the curioſity of the inquiſitive, or to fix the opinion of the judicious. Several great places and ſtations in England, from their nature, do not intereſt foreigners, if thoſe who poſſeſs them are not particularly diſtinguiſhed, either in the ſenate or in the field. Our noble law lords gained, however, the veneration of all loyal men upon the continent, for their generous and impartial conduct, at the trial of the late traitors; and aſtoniſhed Frenchmen ſaw, that in England, the law, and not the paſſions, try and condemn, even the moſt guilty of all guilty. I have heard the celebrated Profeſſor Goethe obſerve, that the Engliſh judges were rather too tender in caſes of treaſon, and too ſevere in caſes of libels, forgery, and other crimes; but every body in England knows, this grows out of our conſtitution, and is not the fault of thoſe who interpret our laws.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

[Selected from the Hiſtory of that Event lately publiſhed by the Rev. James Gordon, Rector of Killegny, in the Dioceſe of Ferns, and of Cannaway, in the Dioceſe of Cork.]

FROM the year 1782, when by the ſpirited exertions of the volunteer aſſociations of Ireland, the legiſlature of this kingdom was rendered legally independent of that of Britain, and the odious reſtrictions, which had been moſt unwiſely impoſed on its trade and manufactures by the Britiſh government, were in a conſiderable degree removed, many among the Iriſh extended their views to a wider ſphere of political freedom. A provincial aſſembly, firſt convened at Dungannon, in Ulſter, on the 15th of February, 1782, conſiſting of the repreſentatives of a hundred and forty-three volunteer corps, with deſign, among other objects, to plan and petition for a parliamentary reform, or a more equal repreſentation of the commons in parliament, ſwelled in 1783 into a national aſſembly, compoſed of delegates from the ſeveral counties, and held in Dublin, under the invidious title of *congreſs*; invidious undoubtedly, ſince under the conduct of an aſſembly ſo denominated, the Britiſh colonies of North America had recently, by a ſucceſsful war againſt the power of Britain, eſtabliſhed an independent republic in the weſtern hemiſphere.

The failure of this meaſure in November, the ſame year, when the petition of congreſs was contemptuouſly rejected by parliament, was attributed to the weakneſs of national diſunion, the triple partition of the people divided by the religious antipathies of proteſtants, proteſtant diſſenters, and Roman catholics. If all theſe diſcordant ſects could be perſuaded virtually to abandon religious diſtinctions in a purſuit of political reform, and cordially to coaleſce with ſteady determination in their demands, parliament was imagined to be incapable of withholding its conſent. As the main ſtrength of the nation, in reſpect to number, was conceived to reſt in the Romaniſts, who might conſtitute three-fourths of the whole population, to give theſe a proportionate weight in the ſyſtem, and to intereſt them warmly in the plan propoſed, was an object of primary magnitude with political reformers. For the removal of thoſe legal reſtrictions and diſqualifications, by which the Romaniſts were deprived of what was accounted their due ſhare of political power, vigorous efforts were made, and various engines put in motion.

Among the modes of agency adopted in thoſe buſy times by the favourers of innovation, was the inſtitution of political clubs, which were formed under ſeveral titles in the metropolis and elſewhere. The principal of theſe, denominated the *whig club*,

club, or the association of *the friends of the conſtitution, liberty, and peace*, was honoured by the ſanction of ſome very highly reſpectable characters as its members, whoſe object was doubtleſs merely to obtain the reformation of abuſes in the political ſyſtem, and particularly to promote the ſcheme of a more equal repreſentation of the people in parliament. A few of its members, however, ſeem to have entertained projects of a deeper kind—projects of revolution, the total ſubverſion of the exiſting government, and the erection of a democratically conſtituted commonwealth in its place. Theſe advocates of revolution formed a connexion with other clubs of congenial principles, particularly that of the *whigs of the capital*, whoſe object was evidently a radical alteration in the political ſyſtem. The determined agitators of this and other ſocieties, which appeared not to promiſe a ſpeedy ſucceſs to their wiſhes, framed at length a more general and deeply planned aſſociation, which outlived all the reſt, and far ſurpaſſed them in the vigour and conduct of its aſſaults on the exiſting conſtitution of the ſtate. This was the famous combination of United Iriſhmen, whoſe profound conſpiracy, after a long, obſtinate, and doubtful ſtruggle with the government of the kingdom, was forced in the end, by the vigilance and vigour of adminiſtration, feebly to explode in partial, irregular, and eaſily conquerable inſurrections, inſtead of an univerſal and well-organized rebellion, the means propoſed by the chiefs to overturn the conſtitution.

Originating from Belfaſt, where principles of a republican tendency had long been cheriſhed, was inſtituted in Dublin, in the month of November, 1791, the ſociety of United Iriſhmen, with the immediate view of combining into one political phalanx, as many as poſſible of their countrymen, without any diſtinction of ſect, for the effectuating of a change in the government of Ireland; or, as themſelves have declared, "for the purpoſe of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, a communion of rights, and an union of power among Iriſhmen of every religious perſuaſion, and thereby to obtain a complete reform in the legiſlature, founded on the principles of civil, political, and religious liberty."* Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform, were the avowed objects of their purſuit. By the former was underſtood a total abolition of political diſtinctions between Romaniſts and proteſtants: by the latter they profeſſed to mean a completely democratic houſe of commons. In the plan which they offered to the conſideration of the public, they propoſed that the parliament ſhould be annual; that for the purpoſe of election, the whole kingdom ſhould be divided into three hundred electorates, each formed by a combi-

* Appendix to the report of the ſecret committee of the houſe of commons, No. 2.

nation of parishes, and all as nearly equal as possible in point of population; that no qualification with respect to property should be required in the elector nor in the representative; that every male of sound understanding, of the full age of twenty-one, and resident in the electorate during the last six months preceding the election, should be capable of suffrage for a representative; that to be qualified for a seat in the house of commons, a man should be twenty-five years old, resident within the kingdom, and holding neither place nor pension under government, and that each representative should receive a reasonable stipend for his attendance in parliament.

To attain their object by a military force was attempted so early as the year 1792, when money was raised by subscription to arm and embody a number of men in the metropolis, under the title of *national guards*, with an uniform distinguished with green, which was adopted as the national colour, and buttons inscribed with a harp, the armorial ensign of Ireland, divested of the crown, to denote, as was supposed, the intended abolition of monarchy. The 9th of December was appointed as a day of general muster of these guards, probably with the design to display their force, to inspire confidence into their friends, to dispirit their adversaries, or perhaps, as was feared by some, though it appears not probable, to seize even then the city, and commence a civil war. Whatever was their immediate object, government wisely determined to suppress in their commencement all armed associations, not authorised by the supreme power of the state. On the 8th of December, the day immediately preceding that of the intended muster, a proclamation was issued by the lord lieutenant and council, peremptorily interdicting all seditious assemblies, and commanding the magistrates to suppress them by military force, if admonition should be found not sufficiently efficacious. Intimidated by the menacing language of this proclamation, and the subsequent martial array of the garrison stationed in the capital, the national guards deferred their meeting, and the long proposed muster never took place. The heads of the society, however, met on the 14th following, and published a kind of manifesto, or counter-proclamation, exhorting the volunteers to resume their arms, for the maintenance, as before, of tranquillity throughout the kingdom, against foreign and internal enemies, and advising the protestants of Ireland to choose deputies for provincial assemblies, preparatively to a general convention, which they declared necessary to form a common cause with that of the Romanists. On account of this manifesto, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who had acted the part of a secretary at the above assembly, was arrested in the following month—a gentleman of a very respectable family and fortune, of a most amiable character, and the warmest philanthropy. That a zealous philanthropy, without a clear judgement

judgement, and ſteady reſolution to direct it, is pernicious inſtead of uſeful to ſociety, is a painful obſervation. Brought to trial in January, 1794, and found guilty by the jury, this gentleman was ſentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, to be confined two years in the priſon of Newgate, and afterwards to give a ſecurity of four thouſand pounds for his good behaviour during ſeven years. In June, the ſame year, Dr. William Drennan, a phyſician, who had been chairman in the ſame aſſembly, was on trial acquitted; but James Napper Tandy, a citizen of Dublin, a moſt active member of political ſocieties, who had, on arreſt, given bail for his appearance, had made his eſcape out of the kingdom in the preceding year to avoid a trial. A like eſcape was effected by Mr. Rowan, who by ſtratagem found egreſs from the priſon. His reſolution to attempt this flight was prompted, at leaſt precipitated, by the arreſt of an Engliſh clergyman of the name of William Jackſon, engaged in a treaſonable correſpondence with agents of the French government: in which correſpondence Mr. Rowan was implicated, and might in conſequence have been capitally convicted. Jackſon being tried in Dublin, on the 23d of April, 1795, and found guilty by the jury, evaded the ignominy of a public execution by ſuicide, ſwallowing a doſe of poiſon, and expiring in the bar of the court, amid a multitude of people.

To penetrate into the ſecret motives of the ſeveral proteſtants, who were the prime contrivers and promoters of this conſpiracy, which in a ſhort time ſpread its ramifications throughout the whole iſland, and greatly endangered the eſtabliſhed government, I have not vanity to pretend. Moſt probably private ambition was the motive of ſome, who aſpired at an eminence of power and fame through the medium of a revolution, regardleſs of ſlaughters and devaſtations, its inevitable concomitants. A ſpirit of patriotiſm ſeems to have incited a few, particularly Thomas Addis Emmet, a lawyer of uncommon talents and benevolence, who might vainly hope that, without much bloodſhed, a new government might be eſtabliſhed of ſo liberal a nature as to leave no ſhackles on induſtry or merit, and render Ireland a flouriſhing and happy country. Both appear to have been egregiouſly miſtaken in the nature of the inſtruments, on which they in great meaſure depended for the accompliſhment of their ſcheme.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION *of the* SWISS PEASANTS.

THEY are remarkably tall and robuſt. Their dreſs is very particular:—they have little round hats, like thoſe worn by the Dutch ſkippers; their coats and waiſtcoats are all of a kind of

of coarſe black cloth: their breeches are made of linen, ſomething like ſailors trowſers, but drawn together in plaits below the knees; and the ſtockings are of the ſame ſtuff with the breeches.

The women wear ſhort jackets, with a great ſuperfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themſelves on the length of their hair, which they ſeparate into two diviſions, and allow to hang at its full length, braided with ribbands in the rantillie faſhion. After marriage, theſe treſſes are no longer permitted to hang down, being twiſted round the head in ſpiral lines, they are fixed at the crown with large ſilver pins.

Married and unmarried wear ſtraw hats, ornamented with black ribbands. So far the women's dreſs is becoming enough. But they have an awkward manner of fixing their petticoat ſo high as to leave hardly any waiſt. This encroachment of the petticoat upon the waiſt mightily deforms the appearance of the whole perſon. The elegant appearance of the Venus de Medicis would be annihilated under ſuch a prepoſterous load of dreſs.

Obſervations on the Neceſſity of immerſing Seed in Water in Times of Drought.

By ANT. ALEXIS, Cadet-de-Vaux.

[From Decade Philoſophique, No. 4. An. XI.]

Franconville-la-Garenne, 2 Brumaire (Oct. 23.)

TO reap, we muſt ſow; and, from the drought which has prevailed for ſix months, ſowing is not eaſy, for our gardens are no longer cultivated with the ſpade and the harrow, but with the mattock and pick-axe; the plough, however, on account of its ſtrength, can ſtill be employed to till the ground, except in compact lands, and thoſe which are ſtiffly bound. But it is not enough that the land ſhall have been tilled to enable us to ſow it, the ſeed muſt alſo germinate, without which it dries and periſhes, or becomes the food of animals and inſects. For without rain, or dew which moiſtens at leaſt the ſurface of the ſoil, there can be no germination. In the mean time the ſeaſon advances, and the ſeed-time is already late. Let us point out, then, to the huſbandman, a method of preventing the inconvenience of drought: it is, not to commit his ſeed to the earth, until it is impregnated with the moiſture neceſſary for its germination.

We may refer to a great example: the Chineſe do not depoſit a ſingle ſeed in the earth until it has been immerſed in water. And I will adduce an experiment nearer home, which

is in favour of this practice. Five years ago, I ſowed half an acre *(arpent)* of land with wild ſuccory, lucerne, and pimpernel. With a view to compare the produce of theſe plants, I ſowed them in rows two feet aſunder. The ſpring was very dry, and I ſoaked each of the ſeeds in water for forty-eight hours. The quantity ſoaked was not ſufficient; for there was required as much more as to ſow nine rows, three of each kind. I took advantage of this circumſtance to compare the effect ariſing from the ſeed being prepared or not prepared by immerſion. The reſult was, that in the nine rows ſowed with the dry ſeed not more than thirty plants came up in five months; while the remainder of the land was covered, and formed a moſt beautiful artificial meadow. The rain fell too late to ſow theſe nine rows, and it was neceſſary to ſow them again in autumn.

Let us now apply theſe facts to the ſowing of corn.

The huſbandman is in the habit of liming his wheat when he apprehends the rot. This year he has no need to dread that evil; nevertheleſs let him uſe the lime, but by immerſion; for in general the method of application is defective, The operation is uſually confined to a ſimple ſprinkling of the heap of wheat with lime-water, while it is turned over with a ſhovel.

The good, the only way of liming, is by immerſion: put the ſeed into tubs, and cover it to the height of four or five fingers breadth with lime-water, made ſo hot that the hand cannot be kept in it without difficulty; cover it up, ſtirring it three or four times in the twenty-four hours; after which draw out the bung, that the water may run off, the quantity will be but ſmall; it will be nearly all abſorbed by the grain which muſt be taken from the tubs; ſpread out in the air, and then ſowed.

Twelve buſhels of wheat immerſed for twenty-four hours, will abſorb nearly one-fourth of water, that is to ſay, they will ſwell to fifteen or ſixteen buſhels by meaſure. Let us now inveſtigate the theory. Every grain of this corn carries with it to the earth a quantity of water, more than ſufficient to enſure its germination. This water acts principally upon the extractive matter of the huſk; it diſſolves this principle, one of the properties of which is to attract and ſtrongly to retain moiſture. Hence this water will not be evaporated. If, inſtead of pure water, we uſe dunghill-water, which is ſaturated with this extractive matter, together with deliqueſcent ſalts, and fatty matter, then the moſt minute quantities of ſurrounding humidity will be attracted toward the grain. But in truth it will, after this treatment, ſucceed very well without the ſpeedy aſſiſtance of the rains and dews; it poſſeſſes a ſufficiency of moiſture to put forth its germ, to throw out its radical, and in ſhort, to ſecure its germination. The grain that has been ſteeped gains, in ordinary ſeaſons, from twelve to ſixteen days in advance before that which has not been ſteeped; and in times of exceſſive drought, it gains every thing.

If

If ſteeped, it germinates and grows; and if not ſteeped, it dries and periſhes. Let the rains come, let them continue, ſtill I adviſe immerſion; which, by forwarding the germination, remedies the inconveniencies of a late ſeed-time.

Copy of a Letter from Dr. Doddridge to William Jennings, Eſq.

MY DEAR SIR, *Northampton, April* 24, 1741.

YOUR affectionate letter came to hand this morning; I read it with much eagerneſs and pleaſure. The ſatisfaction which I received from your call at my houſe, believe me, was very great. You make apologie for it, but how can ſuch be neceſſary for the mutual comfort which Chriſtians ever receive from meeting and converſing together? I would have prolonged your ſtay with us, but you perſiſted in ſaying that you was not able to remain here the day; our regret on that account was very great: and I can aſſure you that we have frequently ſince been happy in ſpeaking of you, and remembering you in our prayers to the Moſt Higheſt. I have moſt ſincerely to thank you for your friendly invitation of myſelf and Mrs. Doddridge to your houſe. But my works are ſo many, and the office which I have dared to take upon myſelf ſo important and awful, that I very rarely allow myſelf any time to pay viſits. However, your expreſſions are ſo kind, and your wiſhes ſo cordial, that I will make you this promiſe, that the firſt time Mrs. Doddridge and myſelf do ſpend a few days from home, we will take an opportunity of becoming acquainted with your family —a circumſtance which I much wiſh for, and hope will take place in a few months, if the Lord will.

And may the God of Jacob add to you and your's the choiceſt of ſpiritual bleſſings—may he give you day by day a clearer inſight into eternal things, and by his holy ſpirit lead you into all truth! The kindeſt wiſhes of my family attend you. You will conſider my engagements, and excuſe the ſhort letter of

Your affectionate ſervant, for Jeſus' ſake,

P. DODDRIDGE.

ON BONES.

IT is commonly ſuppoſed that all bones, in their original, are only cartilages, and arrive at the conſiſtence of bone by gradual induration. In many caſes, the cartilages become oſſified, ſo near is the relation between theſe two ſubſtances. Some years ago at Milan, a malefactor was ſaved from the rope of the hangman by the oſſification of the windpipe.

SLOVENLY AGRICULTURE.

IN the Swediſh foreſt of Valterd, which is 300 Engliſh miles long, and 70 in breadth, the mode of raiſing grain was, within theſe 200 years, the moſt ſlovenly that can be imagined to have been ever practiſed by ſavages. It was, "to burne great quantities of wood ſtanding upon the ground, and then caſt ſome ſeed corne among the aſhes, without any plowing, or other manuring; whereof they have one crop, and no more." The wolves were, at the ſame time, calculated to be not leſs than 20,000.

On NATURE *and* HUMAN LIFE.

O Nature! it is to thee that I devote myſelf, and dedicate my pen! How doſt thou enrapture thoſe who contemplate thy charms! What dignity, what beauty in thy paintings! 'Tis a hand immortal that has traced them! Nothing preſſes unbecomingly on the ſight! Harmony prevails throughout; and lights and ſhades are ſo blended, and ſo loſt in one another, that all is ſerenity and repoſe.

It is juſt thus in a natural picture of human life, which has not been injured by vice, or injudiciouſly retouched by art. The parts being originally well diſpoſed, there is a truth and ſimplicity in the outlines: the intruſions of affectation offend not the ſenſe; no falſe colouring diſturbs the deſign; its ſhadows, its glows, and its reflections, are all found juſt; and good humour, like the orb of day, gives a ſunſhine to every feature, and finiſhes a piece we can never look on but with pleaſure.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtle, to W. Mudge's Queſtion, inſerted March 14.

THE firſt equation ſhould have been printed $x^2+x^2y+y=10$, inſtead of $x^2+x^2y=10$. By tranſpoſition we have $y=\frac{10-x^2}{x^2+1}$, which being written in the maximum for its equal, we have $\frac{10x^2-x^4}{x^2+1}=$ a maximum, which put into fluxions, and properly reduced, gives $x^4+2\times^2=10$ (a quadratic equat.) Hence, by completing the ſquare, we get $x^4+2\times^2+1=11$, and conſequently $x=1.52$ nearly, and from above we obtain the value of $y=2.3$.—Q. E. D.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted May 30.

A HEDGE-HOG will, as I dare ſay,
Give anſwer to your ſimple lay.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Tremlett, and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; R. Horſey, and W. Row, of Wellington; J. W. of Lyme Regis; J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; P. Gove, H. Humphreys, and R Holwell, of Exeter; T. Pethebridge, J. Lee, and B. Hayman, of Buckfaſtleigh; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; R. Bellows, of Wimborne; Nebuchadnezzar; R. Maffett, and R. Whitford, jun. of Saltaſh; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; A. Hyner, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Beckerleg, of Paul; and W. Pollard, of Egloſhayle.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to W. Bedford's Charade, inſerted June 6.

THE FLUTE melodious ſtrains imparts,
Which oftimes elevates our hearts.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Orlando, J. Squance, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; W. Row, and R. Horſey, of Wellington; J. B. Bloomfield, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; Nebuchadnezzar; A. Hyner, jun. of Dartmouth; R. Maffett, and R. Whitford, jun. of Saltaſh; S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. Lee, of Buckfaſtleigh; J. T. of Beaminſter; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; J. Beckerleg, of Paul; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.

A CHARADE, *by A. Hyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

IN ancient times my firſt was us'd in war;
A place for coinage will my next declare:
My whole is found in Flora's beauteous bow'r
When ſpring reſumes her all-enliv'ning pow'r.

A REBUS, *by R. Berry, of South Molton.*

DIANA's title firſt ſelect;
A famous city next detect;
A bird well-known; a day of reſt;
An Indian weed muſt be expreſs'd:
Th' initials join'd, you'll have in view,
What comes in winter, ſo adieu!

A REBUS, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

HAIL happy firſt! around the throne
Of Heaven's eternal king;
What from my next ſave God alone
Could all creation bring?
Obſcure in night's dark ebon ſhade,
My laſt thro' ages lay,
'Till Newton all its laws diſplay'd,
And ſhew'd it forth in day.

The points will bring, if plac'd aright,
A fair one's Chriſtian name to light,
With whom for life I'd wiſh to join,
And fondly ever call her mine.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ISABEL.

WHEN balmy eve, on purple wings,
Her halcyon reign renews,
And o'er the glowing hamlets flings
Her ſoftly blending hues,
Inſpir'd with love I fondly ſtray
Around yon woodland dell,
And ſigh the fleeting hours away
With charming Iſabel.

Since firſt ſhe mourn'd her parents dead,
She looks ſo ſadly pale,
That oft I call the tender maid
" The lily of the vale."
And when unknown to guileful art,
My ardent love I tell,
" Fond youth," ſhe cries, " thou
" ſoon muſt part
" With hapleſs Iſabel.

" Around thoſe poplars' blighted
" ſtem,
" A fragrant woodbine grew,
" But ah! the blaſt that wither'd
" them,
" Has kill'd the woodbine too.
" Thus, bound by pure affection's tie,
" With friends below'd I fell;
" And where their mould'ring relics
" lie
" Muſt lie poor Iſabel.

" Go ſeek, dear youth, the town-
" bred fair,
" Where mirth and wealth reſide,
" And ſink thy pond'rous load of
" care
" In pleaſure's fairy tide.
" Go—let thy tranſient ſorrows ceaſe,
" For ſoon the fun'ral knell
" Shall warn to ſcenes of endleſs peace
" Thy hapleſs Iſabel."

Ah no! my love, I ne'er can go;
I ne'er can leave thy charms;
Nor fate that ſtrikes the deadly blow,
Shall tear thee from my arms;
For when thy limbs recline in death,
Within their hallow'd cell,
I too ſhall find repoſe beneath
The tomb of Iſabel.

Plymouth-Dock PALEMON.

THOUGHTS *on a* ROSE.

HAIL beauteous flower! whoſe crimſon hue
Delights the eye, enchants the view,
Whoſe fragrance charms the ſmell;
How bleſt the men, whoſe tender care
'S employ'd ſuch lovely plants to rear,
Who near ſuch beauties dwell!

But, know, my lovely roſe that thou
A ſavage doom wilt undergo;
That ſun which makes thee gay
Behind ſome cloud may hide its head,
Thy beauteous hue and leaves may fade,
And thou neglected lay.

Or ſhould the adverſe blaſt delay
To come, yet ſtill, old age, decay,
Apace comes haſtening on;
Thy juices dried, thy vigour paſt,
The ſofteſt ſhower, or ſlighteſt blaſt,
Will bring thee to thy doom.

Attend Lavinia, thou mayſt ſee
An emblem in this roſe of thee,
Thy attributes delight;
Thy blandiſhments the heart can warm,
Thy roſy cheeks the eye can charm,
And pleaſe th' enraptur'd ſight.

Thoſe ſouls are bleſt who near thee dwell,
Who enjoy thy friendſhip, hear thee tell
Thy lively repartee;
Thy virtues can our grief diſpel;
'Tis only when we ſay farewell,
We feel a pang with thee.

But adverſe gales thro' life may blow,
Joy may give place to chilling woe,
And tears thy cheeks bedew;
Or ſhould'ſt thou 'ſcape ſuch ills as theſe,
Old age thy limbs ere long will ſeize
And lay thy beauties low.

But why, Lavinia, doſt thou ſtart?
This fact I own might rend thy heart,
Hadſt thou no further hope:
But ſee, religion ſtepping in,
Can even gild this diſmal ſcene,
And keep thy ſpirits up.

She ſhows, Lavinia, Chriſtians have
A ſolid joy beyond the grave;
Thus when their frames decay,

With

With joy they yield their mortal breath'
Convinc'd when paſt the night of death
Their's is—eternal day.

Hackney. J. F.

Lines written in a Bower at Blackheath.

INUR'D to toil and worldly care,
Hither, ye buſy wights, repair,
And cull the ſimple flower:
If ſweet retirement be your aim,
Or friendſhip's councils would you claim,
Thrice welcome to the bower.

Should calm reflection meet your taſte,
Or ſolitude, ah! hither haſte,
Leſt heavy clouds ſhould lowr;
The ſylvan train attend your ſtay,
And little ſongſters' cheerful lay,
Invite you to the bower.

Would you the tender tale confeſs,
And anxious, doubting of ſucceſs,
Secure the fleeting hour:
For here the loves and graces ſport,
And Cupid holds his conſtant court,
Within the happy bower.

Would you the tale of woe impart,
Here looſe the burden of your heart,
And own Cecilia's power;
A flow of harmony prevails,
And, chaſing ſorrow, never fails,
To animate the bower.

F.

Tranſlation of Horace's Ode VI, Book I.

TO AGRIPPA.

LET Varius celebrate thy name,
And bring to light thy deeds of fame,
Enumerate thy conqueſts great,
And in Mæonian verſe relate
What actions, both by ſea and land,
Have ceded to thy mighty hand.
We, humbler poets, dare not try
Thus to deſcribe thy bravery;
Or name th' enrag'd Achille's force,
Who ne'er ſubmitted; or the courſe
Th' experienc'd Ulyſſes trode;
Or cruel Pelops' dire abode.
Our modeſt and unwarlike lays
Dare not recite great Cæſar's praiſe;
Nor will our ignorance aſpire
To leſſen thy heroic fire.
Who has the god of war pourtray'd,
In adamantine veſt array'd?
Or who deſcribe in language juſt
Great Merrion ſlain'd with Trojan duſt?
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To inhabit high Olympus made?
We, thoughtleſs, ſing of feſtive days,
Of Bacchanalian ſportful plays,
And often burn with ardent love—
But ever gay our verſe ſhall prove.

The HAYMAKERS.

HOW cheerful the haymakers are,
How jocund they labour and toil;
There ſeems neither ſorrow nor care,
Their pleaſures to injure or ſpoil.

Their labour's enliven'd by mirth,
And each ruſtic's his favourite laſs;
Hills and valleys re-echo their ſong,
Whilſt they merrily turn up the graſs.

Content in their boſoms reſides,
And all its ſweet charms doth impart;
Sweet peace! its ſoft influence ſheds,
To calm and enlighten each heart.

No ambition their quiet invades,
But cheerful the hours they employ!
And health in each face doth appear,
Attended with gay ſmiling joy!

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my ſoul! this goblet ſip,
'Twill chace that penſive tear;
'Tis not ſo ſweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more ſincere.
Like her deluſive beam,
'Twill ſteal away thy mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no ſting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to ſhade,
Theſe flowers were cull'd at noon;
Like woman's love the roſe will fade!
But ah! not half ſo ſoon.
For tho' the flow'rs decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

On a CHARITABLE MAN.

THE gold I had—I have not in the grave,
For all I now poſſeſs is *what I gave.*